

Items, General and Personal, Of Interest to G. P. O. Workers

Following rapidly the recent sudden death of Mr. Lease, who had served the Evening Star to the employees of the G. P. O. for more than thirty years came the sad news of the passing away of Mr. C. H. McGraw at Garfield Hospital on Friday morning. Mr. McGraw had been a sufferer from intestinal complications, and in the hope of desired relief underwent an operation. The subject of this notice, a resident of Beach Haven, Luzerne County, Pa., received an appointment in the Printing Office as a laborer during Public Printer Benedict's administration, about fifteen years ago. He was first assigned to the old document room, but was subsequently transferred to the fifth division. Some time later he embarked in the "apron business"—that is, furnishing clean aprons weekly to the employees, the field at that time being occupied by P. A. O'Brien, who had succeeded Mr. Edward Woodside, the originator of the business. "Mac" made a success from the first, and was not only a thorough business man, but fluent of speech and witty in conversation. His friends being numbered by the scores, he was charitably inclined. Some months since the delicate circumstances of a very poor family having come under his observation, he quietly passed around among his friends and received a handsome sum in their behalf. The deceased was a member of Washington Centennial Lodge of Masons, Deatur Lodge, Knights of Pythias, and G. P. O. Council, No. 211, in which latter he carried a benefit certificate. Christopher H. McGraw, in the threshold of young manhood, leaves a widow and two interesting children, who have the sympathy of many persons who will regret to learn of his demise.

Organized labor has done great work in putting up wages, but the other people have more than kept pace in putting up prices of things labor must buy.

George H. Stull and J. Dan Ligon, of the reviser force, were absent most of the week, and Reader Henry Noyes is also still on the sick list.

The entertainment of Electrotypes' Union, No. 17, at National Rifles' Armory on Friday evening, was about the most enjoyable event of the kind pulled off by any organization so far this winter. Each of the numbers being above the average, the singing and dancing turn of young Irwin Cosgrove and Miss Ruby Raymond being especially pleasing, the young lady of the team giving evidences of talent that will make her a star in the profession if she adopts the stage. E. A. Lange demonstrates his capabilities as a stage director and manager, and the attendance was remarkably good considering the unfavorable weather.

Washington Woman's Auxiliary, No. 13, will hold an open meeting at Typographical Temple on Thursday evening, February 3, to which all members of Columbia Union and their families are earnestly invited. Mrs. John A. Huston, president of the auxiliary, and the entertainment committee promise all who attend an enjoyable and profitable evening.

A recent temporary appointee as a compositor is said to have had the honor of being the one first to unfurl the American flag over Alaska Territory.

Charles W. Otis was reported early in the week to have been able to go out on the street, but has suffered a relapse.

Col. Harry Lazelle maintains the dignity of his promotion to the watch force in a manner becoming his eighty-four years.

George Hupert, proofreader on the Star, lost his father recently, his death occurring at Greensboro, Pa., where he had resided all of his eighty-two years.

Harry Kettner, of the elevator force, has acquired the Bloomingdale route of the daily and Sunday Washington Herald, and if you have any complaint to make of the service he is the man to go to.

Pressman John Kemper, who was injured by having his hand caught in one of the web presses last week, had no bones broken, but the hand is so badly lacerated that he will be disabled for quite a while.

George Berry, George C. Huber, and Joseph J. Keefe have received temporary appointments and have been assigned to Foreman Bowen's section.

Maker-up P. M. McCallum, of the "Y" contingent, document section, has been on the sick list, due to an aggravated attack of grippe.

Imposer Ruff, of the press force, fifth floor, has been called to his home in Mississippi, owing to the serious illness of his father.

William J. Rellly, of Dallas, Tex., has announced his candidacy for president of the International Typographical Union. He has been a member for twenty-five years, has served his local in many ways with credit and distinction, and is highly spoken of by many here who know him personally.

The entire force of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing are working one hour extra each day, and there is talk of adding another hour because the work is so heavy.

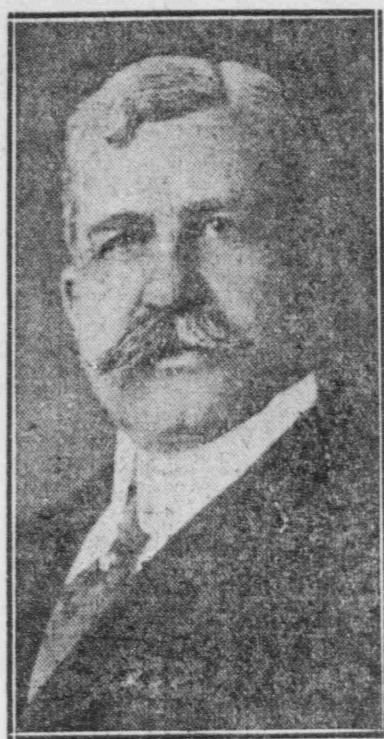
The Washington Credit Association made an assignment during the week. This is the last of a number of such ventures that have been attempted by employees of the office during recent years, none of which met with success.

The number of signatures to the Anti-Food Trust League lists in several divisions of the office have been very encouraging to its promoters.

At a meeting of the Pennsylvania Republican Club, held recently, Mr. J. H. W. Thrush, estimator in the office of the superintendent of work, was re-elected secretary. Mr. Thrush is a well-known former compositor of the old document room under Gen. Palmer's administration.

Invitations are out for the thirteenth annual banquet of the Knights of Mornus (the Knockers' Club), to be held at Rauscher's on Sunday evening, February 20, 1910, the price, \$5.00. The job bears Low Thayer's imprint, which is assurance that it is first-class.

The anniversary of the birth of the martyred President, William McKinley, was marked by the appearance of his favorite flower, the carnation, in abundance throughout the office yesterday. Miss Madge Evans, of the proofroom, distributed them among her host of friends.



THOMAS L. JONES.
Popular Singer.

Thomas L. Jones is a native of Rockport, Ind., where he learned the printing business and published a paper prior to accepting an appointment in the Government Printing Office, about sixteen years ago, being now a reader in the main proofroom. He is a well-known singer and one of the most popular entertainers in the District, his services being constantly in demand at all the functions of Columbia Union and the various fraternal and benevolent organizations in which employees of the office hold membership. Mr. Jones is a Royal Arch Mason and a member of other fraternities, and holds the office of financial secretary of the Indiana Society, the largest State organization in this city, with a membership of over 600. He has had the honor of being chosen to manage all the large affairs of this society, notably, the reception at the Arlington on January 11 last to Gov. Marshall, James Whitcomb Riley, Senators Beveridge and Shively, and the entire Congressional delegation, conceded the most successful event of the kind the Hoosier residents of Washington ever participated in.

J. C. Morgan was transferred from the proofroom to the monotype section during the week.

Former President T. C. Parsons, who has been very ill in Richmond, Va., where he was acting in the capacity of I. T. U. organizer, is reported as almost fully recovered.

Walter E. Warren, son of Charles N. Warren, of the monotype section, will manage the Franklin (Ky.) baseball club of the Bluegrass League next season. Wally has a host of friends, who hope to see him make good.

Organized Labor in general, and the typographical fraternity in particular, sustained a great loss in the death of Joseph A. Jackson, whose funeral occurred in St. Louis on January 24, and at which President Lynch, Treasurer Hays, and other prominent Union men were in attendance. Joe Jackson was first sent as a delegate to the I. T. U. from Toledo, Ohio, thirty years ago, and ever since has been one of the big men in it. He was a delegate to the I. T. U. in St. Louis, and until the year or two has been in the harness for No. 8 almost continuously, serving as president time after time, and being sent as delegate so often as to make his absence from a convention a matter of remark. He was a big man in every way. Had his enemies, like all big men, but his friends were legion, and they were the right kind of friends, and his death will be sincerely regretted wherever the banner of the great International Typographical Union floats.

Capt. William H. Meredith, former director of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, and a life-long Union printer, carries his seventy-five years with good grace and good humor, and is always happy to meet one of the boys who worked with him at the case or who knew him in the business.

Reader Frank A. Rhoderick showed up on Tuesday looking pretty well after a ten-day spell of sickness.

Few people doubt that the high prices of all the necessities of life are the result of combination, and the Anti-Food Trust League has in view the combination of the consumers to find where the fault lies, and then to apply the remedy. They ask all to enroll their names in this cause and to contribute only the membership fee of 25 cents.

Of the many different jobs imposed on the G. P. O. force of experts by the introduction of new machinery in the

past few years, there's none where the men seem to earn their money more than on those double-deck ruling machines, with self-feeder attached. These men appear to be in no danger of requiring half-soiling to their pantaloons from sitting down too much.

Ben Hanford, whose death occurred in New York on January 25, at the age of forty-nine years, was well known here. He worked in the G. P. O. at one time, and his first name as an orator was made on the floor of Columbia Union. He was considered in line for the presidency of the I. T. U. at one time, but his leaning toward socialism was too pronounced to have made him a successful contestant for that place. He was a forceful and eloquent speaker, and gained considerable fame after locating in New York as the candidate of the Socialists for governor and for Vice President.

"Talk about being sentenced to solitary confinement or being cast on a desert island, or any of the other horrible experiences mankind has endured," said the Hard Luck Man, "I know 'em all, and they would have no terrors for me, after what I have been through in the last few months. None of 'em can beat trying to get out a weekly paper in one of these summer resorts after everybody has got away except those who, like myself, had contracted to remain. Last spring I made a contract to be editor and compositor and pressman and some more things on a weekly publication in one of Washington's favorite summer vacation places that looked like a good thing for yours truly, and enjoyed the job all right; all right as long as there was enough life in the place to keep an old runder from getting the blues. There was just enough work in the job to keep my hand in, and while the season lasted the population ran up into the thousands, and there were excursions and Sunday crowds that made things hum nearly all the time. I was on the water wagon during the whole busy season, and was patting myself on the back and telling myself what a noble work I was doing, and my chest was protruding like one of these temperance guys who parade their reformation as a means of a livelihood. But when the hotels had all been boarded up and all the resorts had flown, and the only places open were the post-office, one barroom, and the office where I was the main squeeze, and the only thing to do after 5 p. m. was to gather in the barroom and perhaps see one or two countrymen who might stay in and the few caretakers or watchmen of the hotels and cottages, and perhaps see nobody but the man who was there because, like myself, he has been fool enough to contract to keep the place open for the entire year. Well, I know where Lonesomeville is, and it gets me no more. During the day I could get along fairly well, when I had anything to do. Sometimes I would set up all the type I had—the sheet being a holiday production, with usually about three columns of original matter besides the advertisements—and then throw it in and set it over again, just to keep busy. I took the old press apart and cleaned every cog and bolt and nut in it. I set out every letter of the display and cleaned every box in the cases, and wrote column after column of what might have been pretty good stuff if there had been anybody to read it. That lasted for a while, and me still on the water wagon. Well, what's the use? Night would come, and that barkeeper was a good fellow, and he was lonesome too. No; I didn't fall off the wagon—I dived off.

San Francisco Union evidently has a committee of live ones managing her campaign for the convention in 1911, judging from the literature already being sent throughout the jurisdiction of the International Typographical Union.

In his report to the Public Printer for the year ended December 30, 1909, Dr. William J. Manning, medical and sanitary officer, says, in part:

"Attention is respectfully called to the large number of cases of employees who, being relieved of their physical sufferings, are enabled to resume their duties, thus saving to such persons the loss of wages, and the government receiving in turn the benefit of their output in the form of labor performed.

"The prompt treatment and antiseptic measures that are taken to prevent wounds from being poisoned or infected after they are received, with resulting relief from pain or septicemia (blood poisoning) to the employees, serves at the same time, of course, to lessen the drain of treasure with which government indemnities would otherwise be paid for such poisoned wounds received.

"For the same reason the redressings of wounds, of which there were approximately 700 during the past year, is encouraged in those cases where the employee does not apply for benefits under the law, but remains at his work or is given lighter duties to perform. If employees state that it is his or her intention to apply for benefit under the law,

the case is at once turned over to his or her private physician, who charges a fee for services thus rendered in redressing."

The total number of cases treated by the office medical force during the year was 1,281, of which 621 received surgical, and 760 medical treatment. Ten persons other than employees were also treated, three being visitors taken ill while in the office, and seven employees of contractors delivering supplies. Twenty cases of employees being quarantined were reported, 12 for scarlet fever, 9 for diphtheria, and 1 for smallpox. Six cases resulted fatally in the office or very soon after being taken home, and there was one suicide.

Thirty-four employees received benefits under the government liability law during the year, the highest amount paid one person being \$172 and the total aggregating \$1,957.33. Of these 34 cases, only 9 were skilled mechanics, the others being helpers and laborers.

Recent advices from Pensacola, Fla., bring the cheering intelligence that W. J. Lillard, a former compositor in the document section, has met with great prosperity. In addition to a fine situation on the leading daily, he is interested in the publication of the Pensacolaian, a monthly journal, director in the chamber of commerce, director in the Fair Association, and commodore of the boat club.

Every employee of the G. P. O. should lend his aid to the great work the Anti-Food Trust League is undertaking to help the consumer.

W. C. T. U. PLANS BUILDING.

Publishing House May Be Erected Near Willard Home in Illinois.

Northwest Auxiliary, W. C. T. U., met at the sanatorium in Iowa circle Thursday, and many District officers and members of other auxiliaries were present. Mrs. Dr. Sisco presided. Miss Alice Herous gave the opening prayer, and Mrs. Jennie Robinson gave a Bible lesson. Reports of officers were made. The members listened to remarks by Miss Belle Kearney, Dr. Kress, and Mrs. Smallwood, and Mrs. Robinson reported plans for a building to be erected on the lot adjoining Miss Willard's home in Evanston, Ill., to be used as a publishing house for the W. C. T. U. The auxiliary pledged their support to the work of building. Mrs. Carson invited the auxiliary to hold the next meeting, February 24, at her home, 1415 Clifton street.

'TWIXT LOVE AND DEATH'S POWER.

(Written for The Washington Herald.)

Sweetheart, last night you came to me and said:

"There's a law for the living and one for the dead."

And before me a man's spirit stood.

Disrobed of passion, flesh, and blood.

Thy face so changed; perhaps it was the night.

Or the shadow of the throne across my sight.

The halo the angels wear around thy head.

While the fire of love, my soul did scorch and shred.

My lips prayed soundless, old joys to find;

My heart seemed clipped, my eyes grew blind.

Didst thou come to redeem me with love's breath?

Or bring the potion that means sweet death?

Did God send thee back to make life sweet?

Will thy veins refill with passion's heat?

Where is thy spark, thy pulse, thy blood.

The quickening for love's fruit and bud?

There is so much that I have missed.

Since thy lips grew cold that kissed and kissed.

Hearts are so lonely, hot tears are shed.

When women must fight and great men dead.

Hath death made me lose control

Of what was mine within thy soul?

Canst thou not know I need so much

The soft vibration of thy touch?

Love's memories are like a flame of fire

Across a soul that has known desire.

Sweetheart, all that thou ever said or did

Is smothered out with a coffin lid.

Will thou forgive my soul's riot,

Thou so serene in death's quiet?

The joys of the flesh thou deem'st wrong.

Freedom thou hast from passion's song.

"For love's sweet sake" you came, you came,

Love that guardeth from day to day

Through death's waste and mysterious bars.

Though thy soul hath reigned beyond the stars.

Thine eyes with tender tears grew wet;

I should have known thou couldst not forget.

I was the life breath of thine heart.

Is thy blood ablaze, thy pulse a-start?

God should have told me, in His home above,

Thou wert watching me with tender love

From out the broken years and shadows deep.

Weird wonder I knew it not, my sweet.

Go thou, now, and rest thee; I will not weep again.

My soul I'll keep with sunny smiles between,

Spread thy impassioned hand beyond death's waters deep—

Ask God to give me, too, unfathomed sleep.

But while I wait I will find love's light.

E'en though heart walleth, 'twixt morn and night.

Life's richest meaning, "The what's to be will be."

And to my soul will come what belongs to me.

Jan. 17, 1910.

ALLIE SHARPE BALCH.
1325 Euclid street.

Emancipators Indorse Chandler.

At a recent meeting of the Lincoln Emancipation League committee on plans for making emancipation day, April 16, a public holiday in this city, resolutions were adopted commending ex-Senator William E. Chandler for recent utterances on questions of public interest to the league. The committee indorsed the movement among the people of New Hampshire to nominate him as governor of that State. The meeting was presided over by James W. Poe.

Electrical Contractors Elected.

Officers of the Electrical Contractors' Association for this year have been elected, as follows: President, John G. Oldenwald; vice president, Robert Smith; secretary, George A. Young, and treasurer, William B. Watzell. Luncheon was served in the club association rooms, 1315 H street northwest.

WILL WRITE OF RUSSIA.

Ellnor Glyn to Give Her Views on Muscovite Society.

St. Petersburg, Jan. 29.—Mrs. Ellnor Glyn, of "Three Weeks' fame, is now in St. Petersburg, where her social campaign meets with less discouragement than did her visit to Washington during the Roosevelt regime. It is her purpose to write a book on the higher rounds of Russian society.

The suggestion came from the Grand Duchess Marie Pavlovna, widow of the Grand Duke Vladimir, who met Mrs. Glyn abroad. The grand duchess maintained that foreign opinion has been unjustly prejudiced against the mode of life of leading families in Russia.

USES WIRELESS 'PHONE.

Royalty Conveys Distance of 1,800 Miles with Success.

Berlin, Jan. 29.—Long-distance telephoning by the Egner-Holmstrom system has proved a success in an experiment which was made last week between Stockholm and Karlsruhe, a distance of, roughly, 1,800 miles. The King and Queen of Sweden were able to converse easily from their palace with the Grand Duke and Duchess of Baden in their Karlsruhe Schloss.

The transmission apparatus is known as a high tension microphone, and the connection was laid up Copenhagen and Hamburg. The joint inventors, Egner and Holmstrom, both electrical engineers of Swedish nationality, attended the experiment, one at the Stockholm end and the other in the castle at Karlsruhe.

SABBATH FOR THE CLERGY

Views of Prominent Washingtonians Anent Subject Discussed Last Week.

That the laity of Washington was never intentionally selfish in any demands upon the time and strength of the clergy, that any call to minister to fancied needs was the result of lack of thought not lack of heart, that Washington's public were generous of spirit and warm of impulse when their interest was aroused or thought stimulated; the local clergy declaring in stimulated in last Sunday's Washington Herald showed clear understanding of the people in this summing up.

The truth of the summary is shown by the many letters, notes, and telephone comments of approval of the Sabbath for the clergy idea as demonstrated in last Sunday's Herald, which all week have been received at the office of publication. Within the first twenty-four hours of the printing of the article in question, the ground for "the little cabin in the woods," which is the modest ambition of one of Washington's most popular pastors, where he hopes to retire for one day each week and take time to "look from nature up to nature's God," was tendered him by a friend who had never before thought of the matter.

Among some of the most valuable comments on the practicability of one day for the minister's "very own" are the following extracts, selected because they come from broad thinkers, who are practical persons of affairs, and from those of the literary world who themselves understand the necessities and demands of literary labor, and the renewal of mental and spiritual powers by time spent in meditation and introspection.

Mr. Henry B. P. Macfarland, of the firm of Tucker, Kenyon & Macfarland, as he styles himself, though he will have a hard time living down the more familiar title of "our Commissioner," says:

"I have read with much interest the article on the need of a Sabbath for the clergymen. It is an imperative need. It is recognized in other cities by pastors who regularly take a day of rest in the week and guard it as carefully as their own health, believing it to be as important to their charges. Suicide is as bad in clergymen as in laymen. Between enthusiasm in their devotion and unwillingness to ask anything for themselves, most clergymen do not obey the Fourth Commandment as they should. In order that all may do so, the laymen of the churches must take the matter up, requiring the clergymen to make a day of rest each week and arrange for it as definitely as for the salary the church pays. It should be made a matter of business, for nothing could be more practical or necessary. Washington has suffered severely in the loss of noble clergymen, and if the laymen of a church will not take the necessary steps, public opinion of the community ought to force them to do so."

Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, who is hardly less admired for his active and sane interest in all matters pertaining to the church at large than for his brilliant literary attainments, writes: "I do not yet know very much about the practicability of a plan to arrange for a Sabbath for the clergy, but I am heartily in accord with anything that will help to lift the burden from the shoulders of the poor clergy anywhere and everywhere. My recent book, 'John Marvel,' was, in a way, written upon this idea, and I thought of dedicating it to the poor assistants and country clergy of the land."

Mrs. Julia Rosell Messenger, whose books of poems are to be supplemented by a very important prose work as mentioned in The Washington Herald a few weeks ago, ceased her work on the proofs to write about the need of a rest day for the clergy as follows:

"That the pastor and the priest, giving forth the spiritual bread of life, should have one day of seven, as his very own, in which to dwell apart, alone with only the silence of the Creator, and his own soul seems neither impractical nor Utopian. The blessed Christ set the example, and took time for communing, for strength, in the silence that sleeps among the lonely hills. After such refreshing calm and rest, David also exclaimed: 'The hills, whence cometh my rest.'"

"The spiritual worker needs that day of utter calm, and peace, when he may almost leave the music-fires on the other side of Silence, and realize that the Psalmist meant in his sublime confession; 'He maketh the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice.'"

"In the varied activities, though noble and divine, that attach to the modern minister's duties, there is danger in going beyond human limitations. In regard to conserving the soul's spiritual strength and forces, a great English poet has given forth some noble words of warning to all mankind that even the highest should heed: viz., 'The world is too much with us; late and soon, and getting and spending, we lay waste our powers. In the words 'we lay waste our powers' there lies a volume of meaning."

Miss Mollie Elliot Seawell, whose facile pen has put forth "best sellers" for the enjoyment of many classes of readers, has given the unnecessary hardship in the life of the priesthood much serious study; she writes on the subject in connection with the need for "a rest day, all their own" as follows:

"The life of a priest is the life of a soldier. He is expected to die at his post, and no matter how dangerous that post may be, when he drops, another stands ready to take his place. Such is the history of the Catholic priesthood all over the world. There are, however, some modifications which might be made in the life of a priest. One is, as regards fasting. The regulations for fasting were made nearly nineteen hundred years ago, in a different climate under different conditions. The priest of to-day has to follow them. Besides the abstinence from meat on Friday, which is not a special hardship, comes forty days in Lent when a priest, under an overwhelming burden of duty, is only half nourished. No change in this will come quickly, for the mere inertia of age was an organization as the Catholic Church makes all change slow. But it ought to come, and it may come in the course of ages."

"So it is with extremely early rising. Most priests rise at 5 o'clock, and say a mass fasting, at 6. The Jesuits rise at 5 from the beginning of their novitiate. This is in accordance with the habits of life of 500 years ago. To-day all those habits are changed, but the rule remains the same. The change, if it comes, must come through the protest of the laity, for no priest will complain any more than a good soldier will complain of his orders."

"Less fasting and later rising would lengthen the lives and strengthen the health of secular priests and of the religious orders both of men and women all over the world."

Dr. William Cabell Rives, who is a member of the vestry of the Church of the Ascension, and whose practical interest in all matters for the good of "the cause" and spread of religion, is demonstrated by his gift last week of a chapel to the colored people of the city, says:

"I do not think that a minister breaks the spirit of the Fourth Commandment when he takes the rest of the day, but it is the duty of each vestry to give all the assistance and assistance to the head of the congregation that the funds of the parish permit, if this is freely done, there will not be so great a need for a 'rest day for the clergy.'"

Hephtasophs to Install. Potomac Conclave, Improved Order of Hephtasophs, will hold a public installation of officers at Pythian Temple on Thursday at 8 p. m. Supreme officers and prominent members will be present, and a programme of good talent has been arranged by the entertainment committee, composed of Norman W. Nicholson, chairman, and Messrs. Cohen, Goldsmith, Silverman, and Beveridge. Refreshments will be served.



No. 29.

"THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET."

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood, When fond recollection presents them to view!

The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood, And every loved spot which my infancy knew;

The wide-spreading pond and the mill that stood by it, The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell;

The cot of my father, the dairy house high lit, And e'en the rude bucket, that hung in the well.

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket, The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.

The moss-covered bucket I hailed as a treasure; For often at noon, when returned from the field, I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure.

The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.

How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing!

And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;

Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing, And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket, The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.

How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it, As poised on life's curb, it inclined to my lips!

Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it, Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.

And now, far removed from the loved habitation, The tear of regret will intrusively swell.

As fancy reverts to my